Life

February 21, 1930 PRICE 10 CENTS

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA FEB 20 1930



Haskell Coffin's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

O YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?

See Page 30

The Winged Victory of Samothrace





TIME is a stern judge, but a generous one to a work of merit. Thus when first the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire was offered as something almost uncommercially fine, its acceptance was expected to be limited indeed. But Time has changed that. As its relentless scrutiny has revealed in full this tire's true greatness, the sale of Double Eagles has steadily and tremendously grown. That is why now, although the tire is fine as ever, it can be priced not nearly so high. And why perhaps all that need be said of it, is what was said originally, "It is a better tire than the average motorist needs."

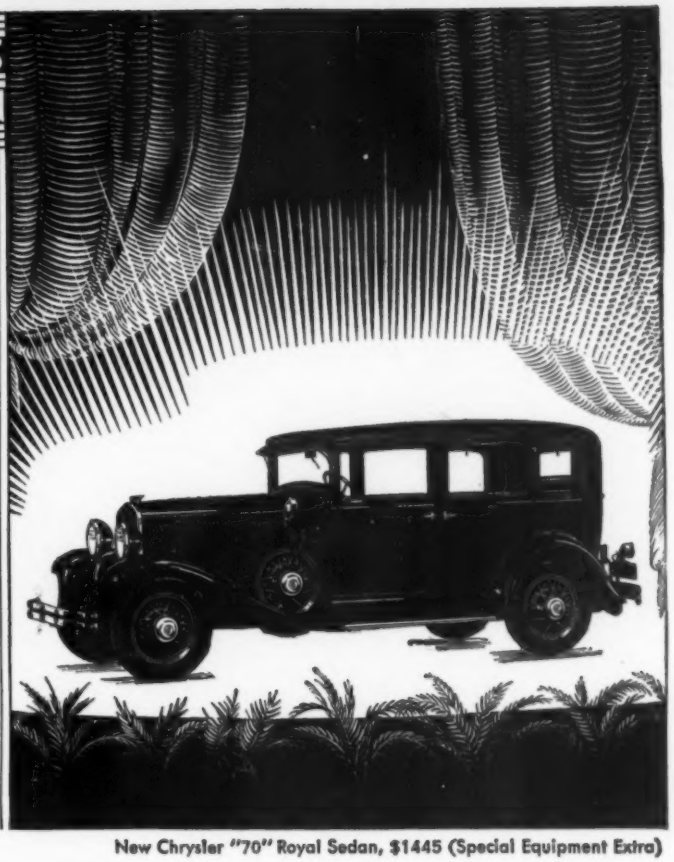


The Double Eagle *by*

GOODYEAR

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CHRYSLER INSPIRES
A PRIDE ALL ITS OWN



New Chrysler "70" Royal Sedan, $1445 (Special Equipment Extra)

Performance that belongs to Chrysler ALONE!

FEATURES: LARGE, POWERFUL ENGINES . . . SEVEN-BEARING COUNTER-WEIGHTED CRANKSHAFT . . . MULTI-RANGE FOUR-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND GEAR SHIFT . . . RUBBER SPRING SHACKLES . . . CHRYSLER WEATHERPROOF FOUR-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . ROOMIER BODIES OF DREADNOUGHT CONSTRUCTION . . . ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEATS . . . METALWARE BY CARTIER ET CIE.

AFTER all is said and done, performance is the true index of a motor car—a car's one way of proving how good it is in basic engineering. And today, by all tests, all standards and all comparisons, the new Multi-Range Chryslers, with four-speed transmission and gear shift, are first among all cars in performance ability.

This statement holds true in pick-up. It holds true in smoothness and flexibility—all the way up the scale of speed. It holds true in hill-climbing. It holds true in ease, quickness and non-clashing quietness of gear-shifting. It holds true in every other phase and aspect of motor car performance.

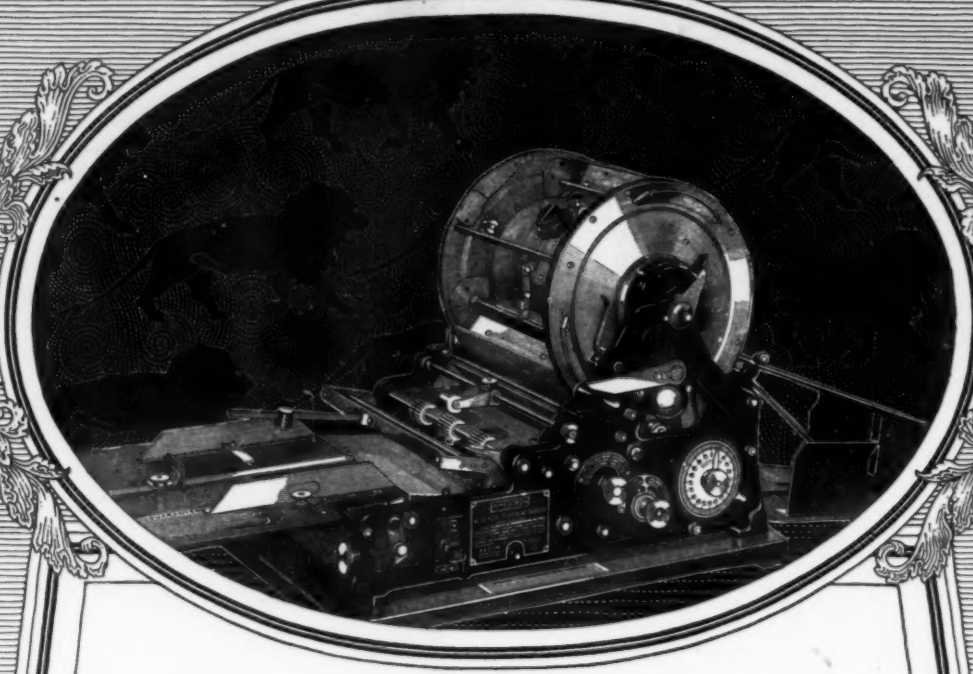
These are not mere claims, but facts; not something you have to take on anybody's say-so, but something you can easily verify. Demonstration and comparison furnish the proof. One ride in a new Multi-Range Chrysler and you will find out immediately why ownership of a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

MULTI-RANGE
CHRYSLER

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THE IMPERIAL 8 Body Styles, $2995 to $3575 | THE 77 9 Body Styles, $1625 to $1825 | THE 70 7 Body Styles, $1295 to $1545 | THE 66 6 Body Styles, $995 to $1095 | ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT

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Life



A Growing Concern.

Disarmament Begins at Home!



"Well, they've killed two more rum-runners."
"Oh! Isn't *that nice!"*

Disarmament Note

Bootleggers are planning on some drastic cuts too.

Every time we sit down at a soda fountain in New York these days, we expect to see pasted on the mirror: *Try our delicious Rothstein Quiz!*

Song to Rudy Vallée: You may be wonderful, but I think you're wrong.

Now that skirts are longer, Subway passengers are beginning to catch up on their reading.

Wonder what General Sherman would have said about rumble seats?

Great American States

Californy
Utaw
Noo Joisey
Oakloma

Famine

Tea rooms, tea rooms, everywhere,
All up and down the street;
Tea rooms, tea rooms, everywhere,
But not a bite to eat!

—*D. D.*

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *tease* with an *r* and get a holiday.

(2) Scramble *stinted* with an *s* and get some men you dread to see.

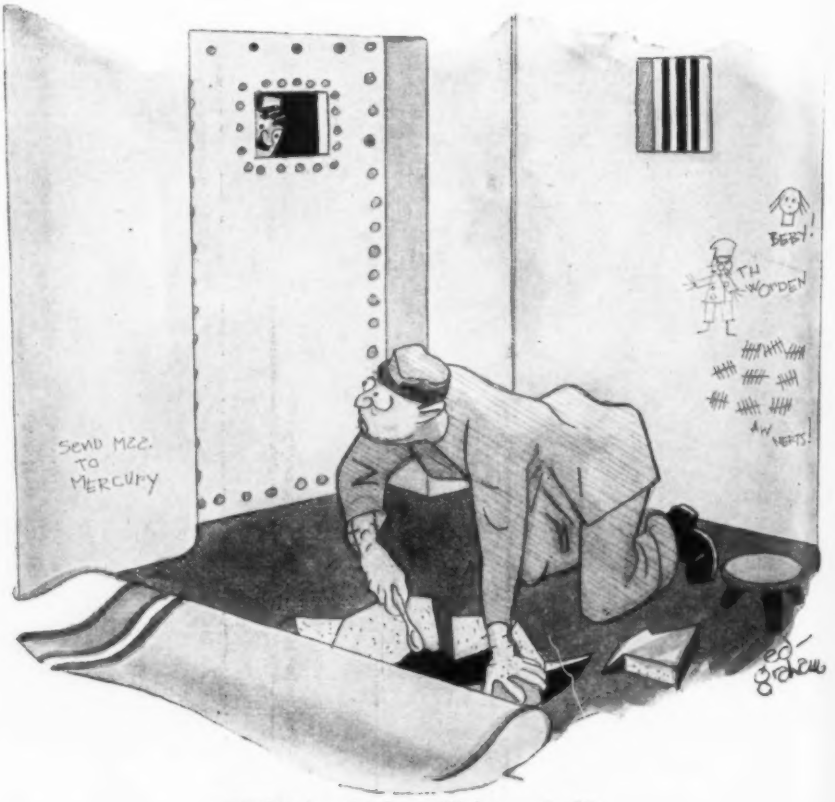
(3) Scramble *creeps* with a *t* and get something to make your flesh creep.

(4) Scramble *lessons* with a *w* and get what they're done with.

(5) Scramble *lagoon* with a *d* and get something to go on it.

(6) Scramble *novelties* with an and get a novel invention.

(*Answers on page 31*)



"Whatcher doin'—makin' a garden?"



"Look—a musician!"

The Way Out

"Something should be done to stop all this petting."

"Well, in heathen countries they drown the girl babies."

The softest job in town: Circulation manager for the Subway Sun.

And again, little sips make great soaks.

With the clams two's company and three's a chowder.

"Charlie is certainly going to hell. He's sinking lower and lower."

"Yes, he's about reached the debs."

Scott Shots

It's easy to entertain guests in the city because you can get plenty of food just by opening a can, and plenty of music just by opening a window.

No woman can be a complete success in Hollywood unless she's happily married every now and then.

Nowadays if a person dies suddenly it's called an act of Coast Guard.

It's bad luck to have thirteen seated at a table when you're paying for the drinks.

After all, psittacosis is probably just a disease a parrot gets from trying to pronounce it.

Some motorists are so poor that they can hardly keep body and chassis together.

Pathetic figure—a chameleon in a modern bathroom.

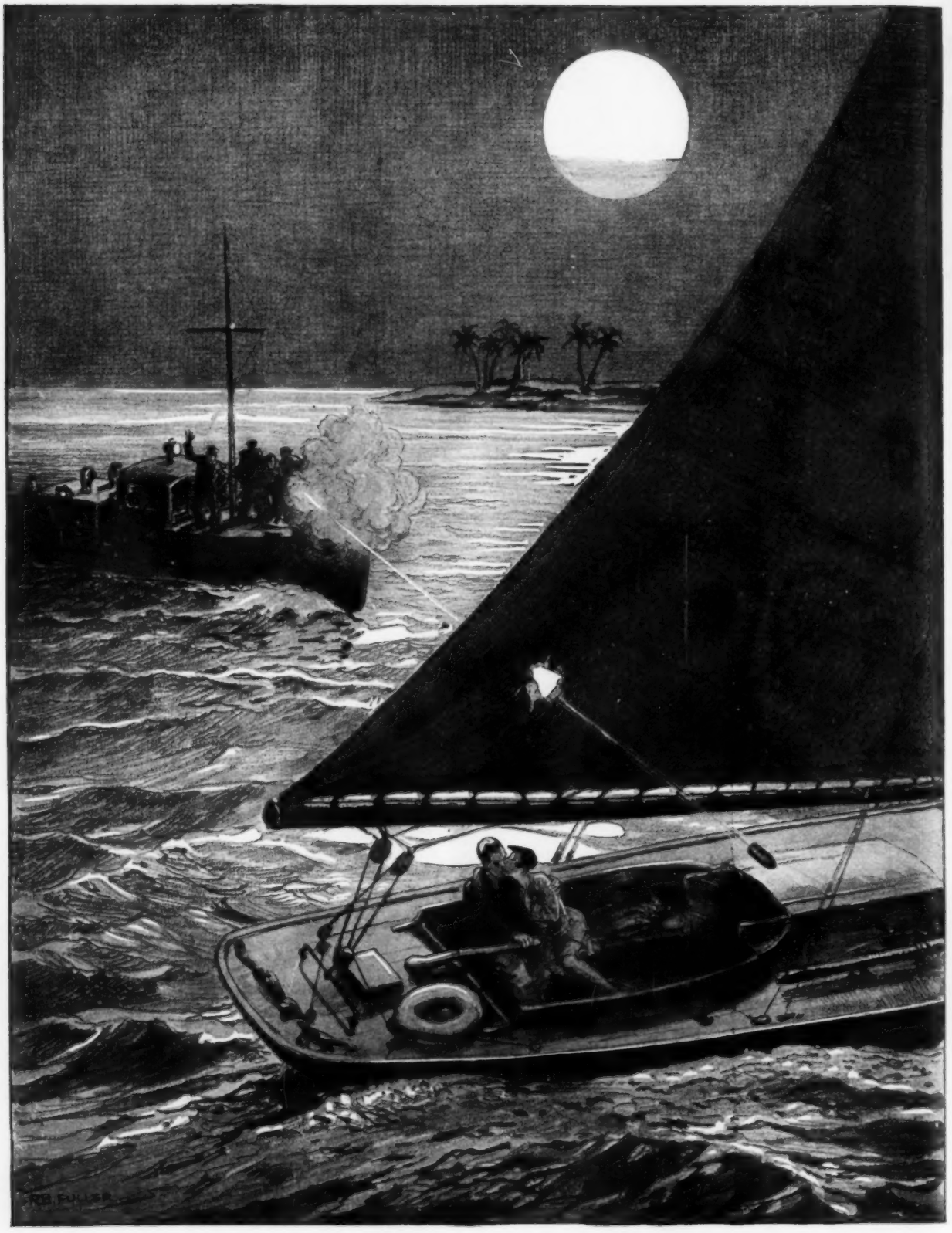
The activities of the coast guard seem to consist of bottle, murder and sudden death.

Two can live as cheaply as one can drink.

—*W. W. Scott.*



"Pst!! Gus! Fergot me lines!"



REVENUE OFFICER: *Let 'em have it, boys! They won't answer us!*

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

"Walla-Walla"

INDIANS," said Bill Sparks as he dropped five lumps of sugar into his coffee. "Walla-walla-walla! Whoop!"

"Hah," said Smith. He liked this lad Sparks. Too well, Nancy thought, for whenever she found them together they seemed up to something. "Hah," he said again. "Did you say you knew some, William?"

"Seminoles," said Bill. "The chief went to college with me out west. Lives back in the Everglades. Great boy, the chief—you'd like him."

Rob Smith was bored. A couple of weeks at Palm Beach always got him fed up. He had the yen to do something new.

"Could we," he said. Then Nancy Smith came into the room.

"Hey, Pa, package come for me from New York?"

"Package?" said Smith.

"Then it didn't," said Nancy. "Or I'd have heard you bleating all the way up in my room about the bill."

"I'll get you a package," said Bill.

"You will not," said Nancy. "The package I want is my costume for the Cartier's ball at the club tonight. Gee, Pa, I hate to wear that thing I had last year."

"Why?" said Smith. "I'm going to wear my monk suit again."

"I know, Pa." Nancy sat down and helped herself to an egg. "But it's different with me. I've been looking forward to this for a year. Now what do I get?"

"Magnolia," said Bill.

"Shut up!" said Nancy.

"Are we having tea at the Grove, Nancy?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"And lunch at the beach?"

Nancy smiled at him. She said, "Are you rushing me, Willie? Or are you being polite because you're house guest?"

He leaned over, pretending to be picking up his napkin. He whispered, "You know I love you, Nancy. Are you going to marry me?"

She touched his hand where it lay on the table.

"Not so fast, Bill." Then she sighed. "I suppose I probably will." He took her hand now and squeezed it. "Eventually," she added. "If nothing better turns up."

Suddenly Smith appeared over his coffee cup, the way a walrus will pop out of an ice floe—everything concealed but the whiskers.

"Nancy. Sorry 'bout dress. Can't help it. Want you to do something for me."

"Sure, Pa. What?"

"Lend me your plane for a couple of hours this morning. I want Bill to take me up."

Nancy put her head on one side and looked at him. He squirmed. Nobody but Nancy had ever looked at him that way since he'd left school.

She said, "I thought you were golfing with Colonel Scott."

"Not today," said Smith. "Tomorrow and yesterday maybe. Not today." There was a light in his eyes. Nancy saw it but she couldn't place it. "Want Bill take me flying today. All right about plane?"

"Sure, Pa. I've got to take little old last year's costume down to the village to be lengthened anyway. G'bye."

When she was gone, Smith leaned close to Bill. He said, "Listen. Want you to fly me up and show me those Indians. Fed up to death with all this. They won't mind will they?"

Bill smiled. He'd taken friends up to see his classmate before. Chief Ogalachee Papawanda had enjoyed their visit long after they'd gone.

"He'd be delighted," said Bill. "By the way, you'd better take plenty of money along. The chief's very fond of ivory."

"Hah!" said Smith. "We'll be traders—what?"

"In a sense, yes," said Bill. He smiled again.

"Hadn't we better take something else up? You know—white chief-

(*Continued on Page 28*)



"Natchul! Shoots two Franklins and a Jackson!"



"You know I could become quite fond of you."

Dilley Dallying

You can fool some of the people all of the time, but this doesn't include your private secretary.

Some men lose their shirts by playing the market, while others still use the old-fashioned laundry method.

Our apartment has a wonderful ultra-modern, up-to-date, heating plant in the basement, so we've heard.

A true companionate husband is a man who can take his marriage or live it alone.

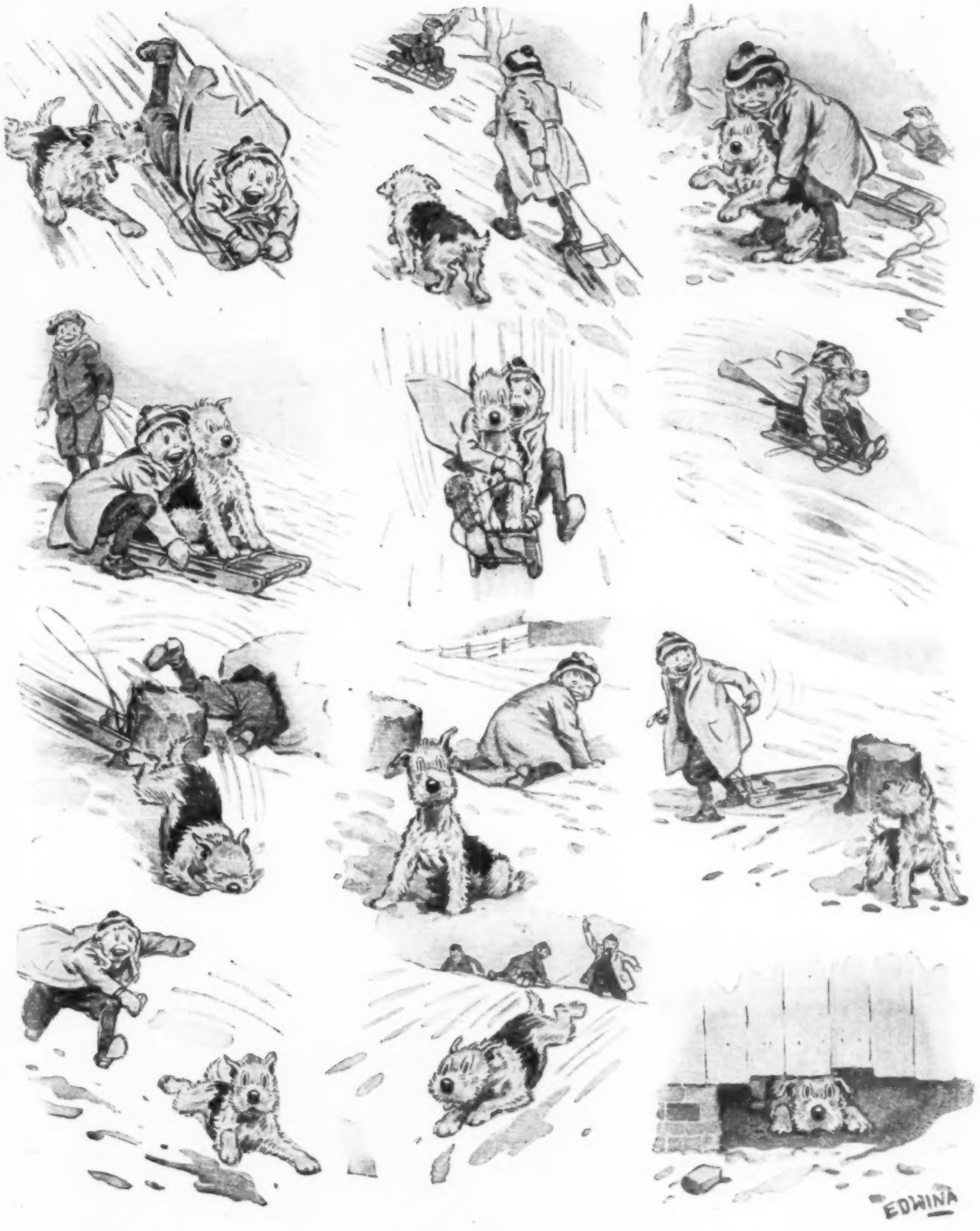
A friend of mine plans to go to Bermuda and do some heavy drinking, whenever he can sober up enough to get around to it.

In these days of mechanical ice boxes, radios and electric washing machines, what is home without a motor?

—*James L. Dilley.*



DAUGHTER OF THE OULD SOD: *My fate are in your hands.*



SINBAD.

"Thanks for the buggy ride!"



People have such a fear of bad news before opening a telegram, that we suggest different uniforms for different kinds of messages.

Life in Washington

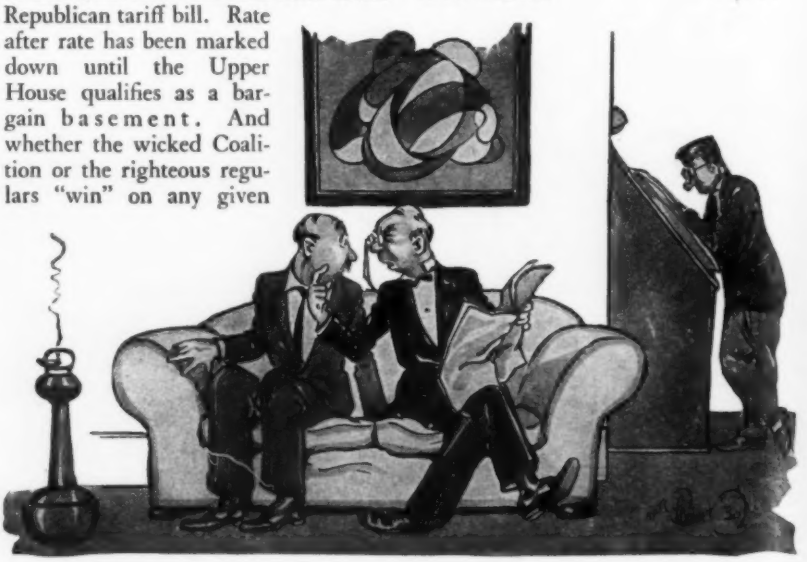
CONGRESS is playing dumb-crambo with the liquor question-and-answer game. Elections are coming and booze is safe ground for a sham battle for the delectation of the godly and the heathen. Borah is diverting attention from the fact that his bishopric of Idaho is involved in a Rum Rebellion ranking 400 indictments, by attacking the higher enforcement officials. Life insurance statistics show that alcoholic deaths are up 600% since 1920, and that Nebraska, cradle of Bryanism, is well ahead of the national average. So Senator Howell of Nebraska feels impelled to howl for a dry law for the helpless District of Columbia. He proposes the elimination of search warrants and no obligation to return liquor illegally seized. This will appeal to the average policeman. Attorney-General Mitchell proposes to use none but total abstainers in enforcing the Methodist Amendment and points West. This means that there will be a complete turn-over or some tall lying. Congressman Stone of Oklahoma has a bill providing for total abstinence by all Federal employees. Ain't nature wonderful?

After ten years of the Great American Desert, the House proposes to debate where Prohibition is leading us. Georgie Wickersham says that Congress can authorize 2.75% beer, but who wants that mouthwash? Dupont is trying to burn Delaware's bridges behind him by financing a dry referendum; Washington Double-Crossing the Delaware is the title of this picture. Franklin Fort of Dwightmorrowland says that home-brew is the best way of working out "constructively" that experiment which is noble in motive only. Senator Brookhart reports that the old gentleman's home of New York—the Century Club—serves fish house punch, and ex-Senator Bruce calls for an anti-Prohibition convention.

Don't get too encouraged. This is largely smoke-screen for the elections, to hide what the Senate has done to the Republican tariff bill. Rate after rate has been marked down until the Upper House qualifies as a bargain basement. And whether the wicked Coalition or the righteous regulars "win" on any given vote, the result is a lower duty. In fact, the House and the Smoots overreached themselves last summer. Sugar, cement, shoes, straw hats are greatly reduced.

The naval sing-song continues in London. Open covenants secretly arrived at has become the rule. The British cancelled construction on the same two cruisers that they used for that purpose last fall. The French proposed a scheme which appealed strongly to France, but was not popular elsewhere. The Japanese said little or nothing, ditto the Italians, and the American delegates were forced to make radio speeches in order to persuade America that they were on the job.

Somebody in Europe has succeeded in faking our $100 bills. We aren't worrying much, as we never use them . . . A lot of parrots face deportation and Washington is worrying about a stray panther which is raiding pig-pens in the vicinity of the capital. Congress is said to be much alarmed . . . Chicago can't pay its bills and is beginning to wonder whether it was wise to declare war on King George . . . The House Judiciary Committee is asked to deport the "Star Spangled Banner" as an undesirable anthem, on the ground that it was originally a drinking song. Despite this strong sentimental appeal, a better reason is that the only sort of soprano who can go as high as "the rocket's red glare" is the sort of soprano who is giving us most of our radio trouble. —*J. F.*



FAR-SIGHTED CLUB MEMBER: *Yoohoo, Bill! Come over here a minute, I want to show you something in the paper.*

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

I do not contemplate an investigation of the death of Katovis, who was shot last week by a policeman, as this matter has not been brought to my attention officially. —*Grover Whalen.*

A girl like me wants to be loved all the time. —*Peggy Joyce.*

Have you ever known a really practical woman? I have not.
—*Benito Mussolini.*

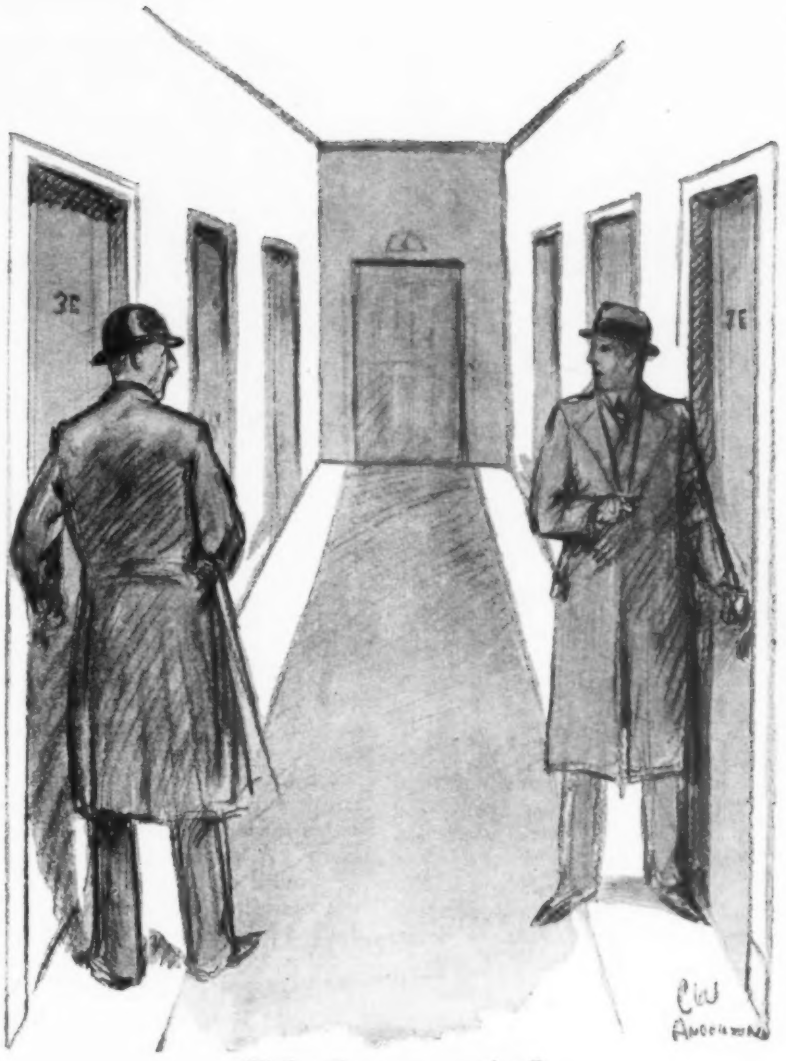
In my opinion, this male conversation about can openers is the greatest bunk talked today. —*Corinne Lowe.*

In a few more years there really will be no place for the drinking man in this country.
—*Senator Capper (Kansas).*

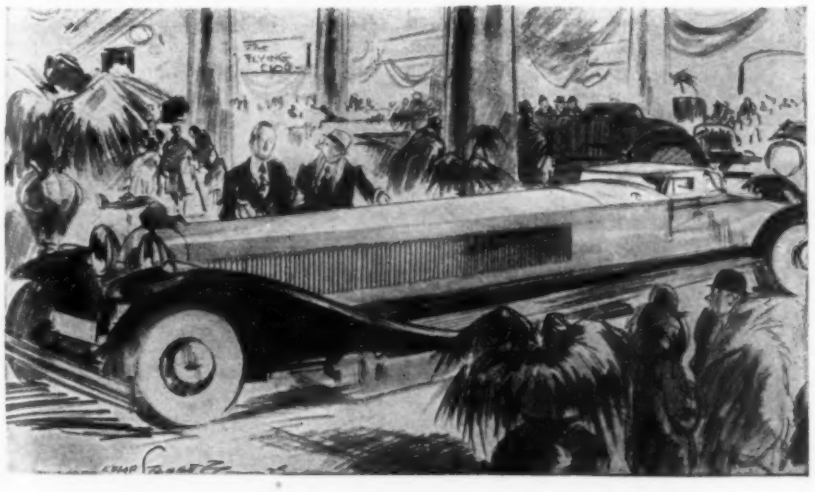
It is not dollars for which I find that Americans work. —*Galli Curci.*

The first thing I do when I get to heaven will be to learn the piano. I shall spend the first million years on the piano.
—*Prof. William Lyons Phelps.*

The day that sees men waiting at the stage door for an electric phonograph to come out will see the day that the talkies will triumph over the theatre.
—*George Jean Nathan.*



"Well, call me up sometime."



"I don't see how you can see through them little slits!"

Diplomacy isn't too hard on the brain, but it's hell on the feet!
—*Ambassador Dawes.*

I have never been hurt by anything I didn't say. —*Calvin Coolidge.*

It shocked me to discover that children get drunk in the United States.
—*St. John Ervine.*

Women who do not make up are immodest. —*Rosamond Pinchot.*

Love for all humanity is one of the principal forces behind the Prohibition movement.
—*Senator Sheppard (Texas).*



PEDESTRIAN (*who has been skidded into the bushes*): *This is one time when you're not going to escape with slight bruises!*

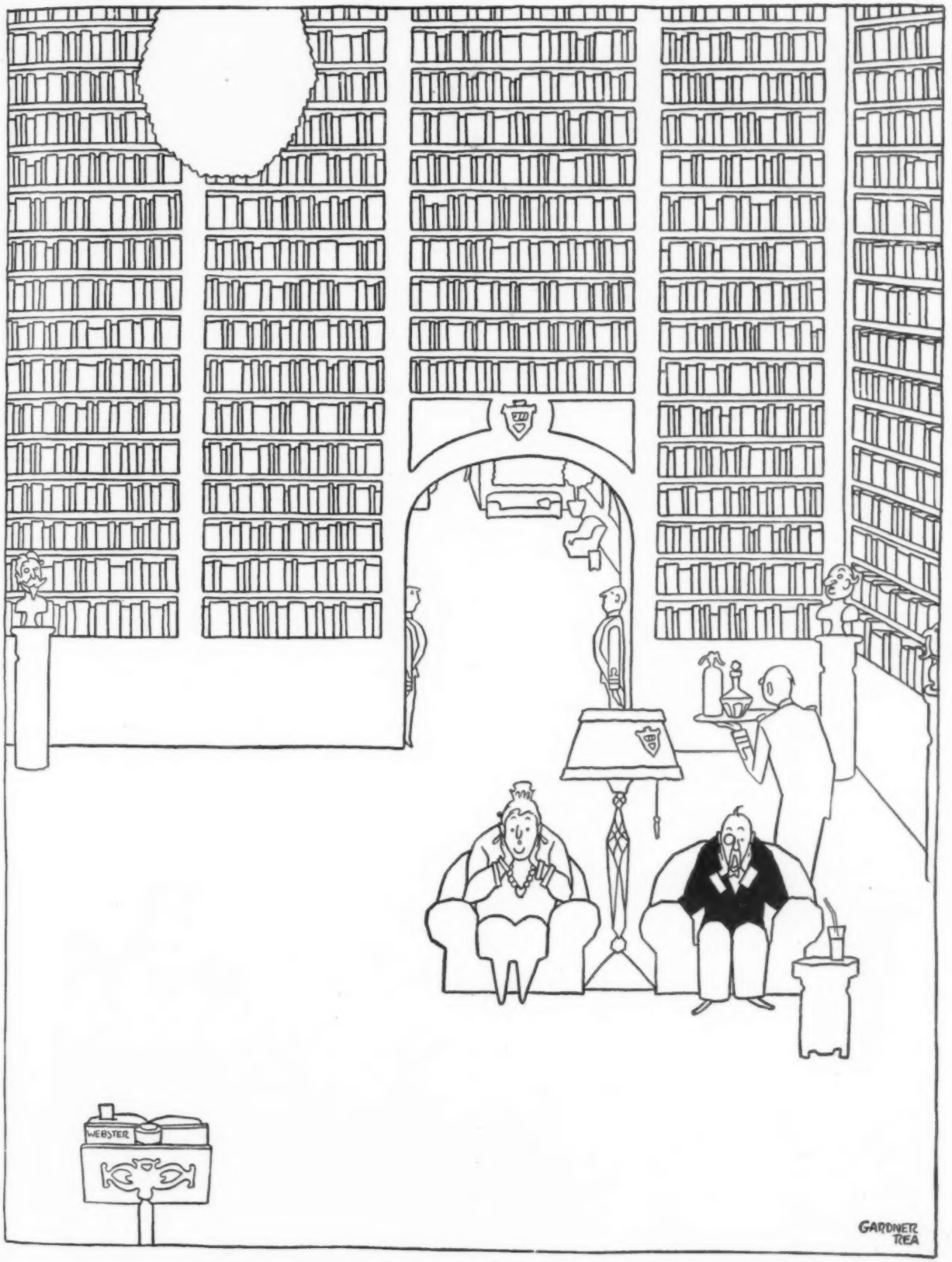
Mrs. Pep's Diary

JANUARY 29—A beautiful day, and as I lay pondering what I should do with it, I was almost wishful to be seized by some lofty idea which would absorb my entire attention and activity, for albeit crusaders are at no pains to keep their own countenances straight, they unconsciously provide considerable amusement for others, and do seldom sit staring into space, or worrying over what to plant in the window boxes. This fine missionary spirit did subside, however, with the arrival by the first post of "Murder Yet to Come" by Isabel Briggs Myers, with a note from the author on the fly leaf stating that she had done her best to satisfy my old-man-dead-in-the-library predilection, and I was happy to mark that in so doing she had also won a mystery novel prize of $7,500. Moreover, the story did set me thinking of the advantages of being a practicing hypnotist, for could I but cast the proper spell over Samuel, I could make him eat Brussels sprouts, change the chintz in his bedroom, and remain silent when a bridge opponent doubles my bid. The telephone a-ringing, and it was Carrie Williams bidding me come at once for luncheon and contract, so up and off, arriving so betimes that there was no one home to greet me save C.'s two little boys, somehow escaped from the nursery, whereupon Adelaide Whittlesey and Lee Gould, knowing well that I had liefer be shut up alone with Einstein than with a small child, did guffaw loudly to find me with an urchin on either knee, and reading to them at their request from a book of which the protagonist was a mechanical donkey. The game punctuated with a moderate amount of frothy discourse. A. asking us at one point if we recalled the bygone days when it was considered extremely waggish to demand politely, "Will some lady in a cheap pair of stays please pick up that card I dropped?"

JANUARY 30—Marge Boothby in whilst I was breakfasting, and the poor wretch, beholding the sausages on my tray, was obliged to leave the room until I had finished, having become finally convinced after laying out thousands of dollars on quack reducing systems, that the only way to lose weight is to undereat. But I did hasten my meal, knowing she was avid of counsel and being curious as to its nature, so she did show me a letter from Tom Bainbridge in which he took old-womanly umbrage because she had quoth, in response to his asking if she did not think he had grown thinner, "Yes, on the top of your head." And, since the forests are not filled with men who send middle-aged spinsters two dozen pink roses every Friday, Marge was desirous to know what amends could suitably be made, and I could think of nought save a reply that she had not meant on top of his head but inside of it, but she did not seem greatly comforted by the advice. So, to restore her aplomb, I did congratulate her again on being the only person of our acquaintance to have sold out at the peak of the market, whereupon we fell a-talking of stocks and bonds, and I did remark that a good investment would be the transparent mica paper in which everything, down to the meanest cake of soap, is wrapped these days, for I do think that large quantities of it could be sold to individuals who would want it solely for the pleasure of tearing it into strips. This night Ben Witherspoon to dinner, and when we asked him, more through courtesy than interest, how his golf had been whilst he was South, he did respond that it has become almost impossible for him to play, forasmuch as his medals get in his way when he bends to swing. He did also confide that he has overcome almost every one of his Mid-Western prejudices save a tendency to say "machine" for "automobile," and a preference for tinned salmon. A short session with the radio, and so to bed. —*Baird Leonard.*



"It's that bounder, Buffington—pretend you don't see him."



"Tch! tch! Three whole days till the next book of the month!"

New York Life



Mayfair and Warmer

THOUGHTS of a *Broadway Philosopher*—What a flop the Saturday night *Mayfair* dances would be if they didn't have that "movie" staircase into the grand ballroom at the *Ritz* . . . here the stars and near-stars gather each week and their "entrances" would make *Cecil de Mille* green with envy! . . . how those limelight hounds detest that slow movie descent of the plush staircase with the heavy sugar bringing up the rear . . . recently a well-known star who had been imbibing not wisely caught her gold heel on the top step and—# !!**!!%! imagine her embarrassment!

Manna-About-Town

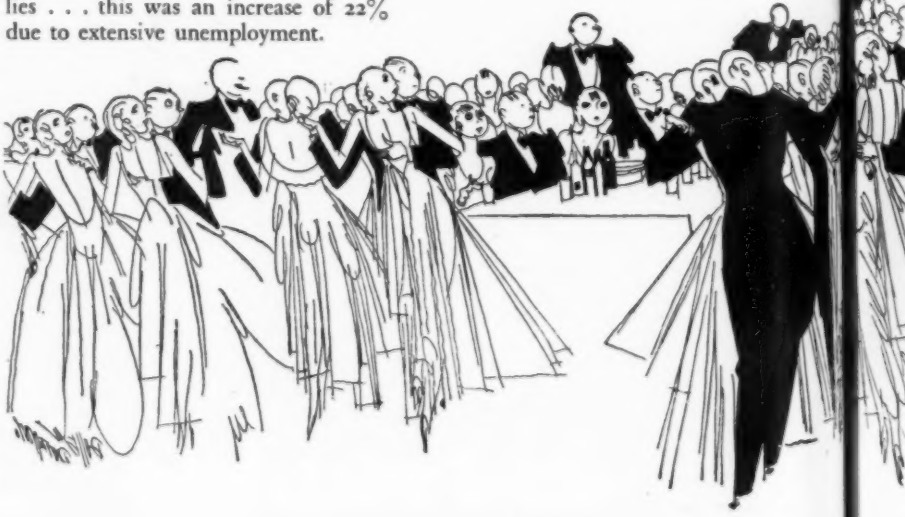
Now you can buy *Art* on the instalment plan—several of the well-known galleries are offering the easy-payment plan to art lovers for all pictures . . . the old man who walks up and down *Broadway* over the subway gratings stooped over almost double and peering intently through the crevices . . . he carries a long thin pole with a piece of chewing gum on the end of it which he sticks through the grating and brings up loose change . . . the sign in front of a Shoe Shine Parlor on the *Great White Way*—*"All Kinds of Ladies' Hats Cleaned"* . . . the enigmatical sign on *East Seventy-third* street which pictures a large bird with a worm in its bill hanging over two other birds and the inscription *"Time & I Against Any Two"* under it . . . the *Elizabeth Arden* doorway on *Fifth Avenue* . . . another mystifying thing seen on the Avenue—*"Edited Haberdashery"* . . . the first act finale of *"Strike Up The Band,"* which is the finest thing since *Gilbert & Sullivan* . . . the latest bootleg-canned whiskey —open the can with the regular can-opener and inside you will find a nice glass bottle. . . . Helen Morgan who is the best artiste (Yes, and I mean artiste!) on the stage today and this includes 42nd to 59th.

High Low Jock

John Hay "Jock" Whitney, known as an ardent sportsman and worth slightly over $100,000,000, made the front page recently by working in a broker's office for $65 a month . . . it is said that he is learning the banking business from the ground up . . . with one hundred million dollars, *Mr. Whitney* has a wonderful opportunity to learn something far more important and that is to learn life from the ground up . . . there is a job worth anybody's time if they can afford it and certainly he can . . . as a start, *Mr. Whitney* might make a glorious *Yale* gesture and glorify the twenty *Harvard* scrubwomen that *Mr. Lowell* let go rather than pay them that extra two cents an hour . . . with his social standing he could take them into vaudeville as the *All-American Scrub Team* and clean up . . . and there are thousands of other "charity" cases upon which *Mr. Whitney* might spend a profitable eight hours a day . . . curiously enough, in the same paper which plastered *Mr. Whitney* all over the front page, a small item in the back stated that three million dollars had been spent by *Charity* organizations during one month to aid 145,000 families . . . this was an increase of 22% due to extensive unemployment.

Moanin' Lowell

Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell of *Harvard* says that *America* is obsessed by the *Roman* idea of turning sports into magnificent spectacles instead of holding to the *Greek* principle of athletes competing for the pleasure of the thing . . . well, "burning" a few Christian scrubwomen is adhering to the *Roman* idea all right, and *Mr. Lowell* seems to have been doing a great deal of "fiddling" lately . . . here is another case where millions could be diverted into beneficent channels . . . why not take those football profits and offer substantial money awards to students standing the highest in their studies? . . . many of our college athletes are rewarded that way, so why not our students? . . . if a student could earn twenty-five thousand dollars for graduating with highest honors, the word "grind" wouldn't be so unpopular, and what an opportunity it would be for those not so well off who go to college to really learn something . . . no one is ashamed to take a share of a business' profits in the shape of a bonus . . . why not reward the hard worker in college the same way, with the profits made from football?



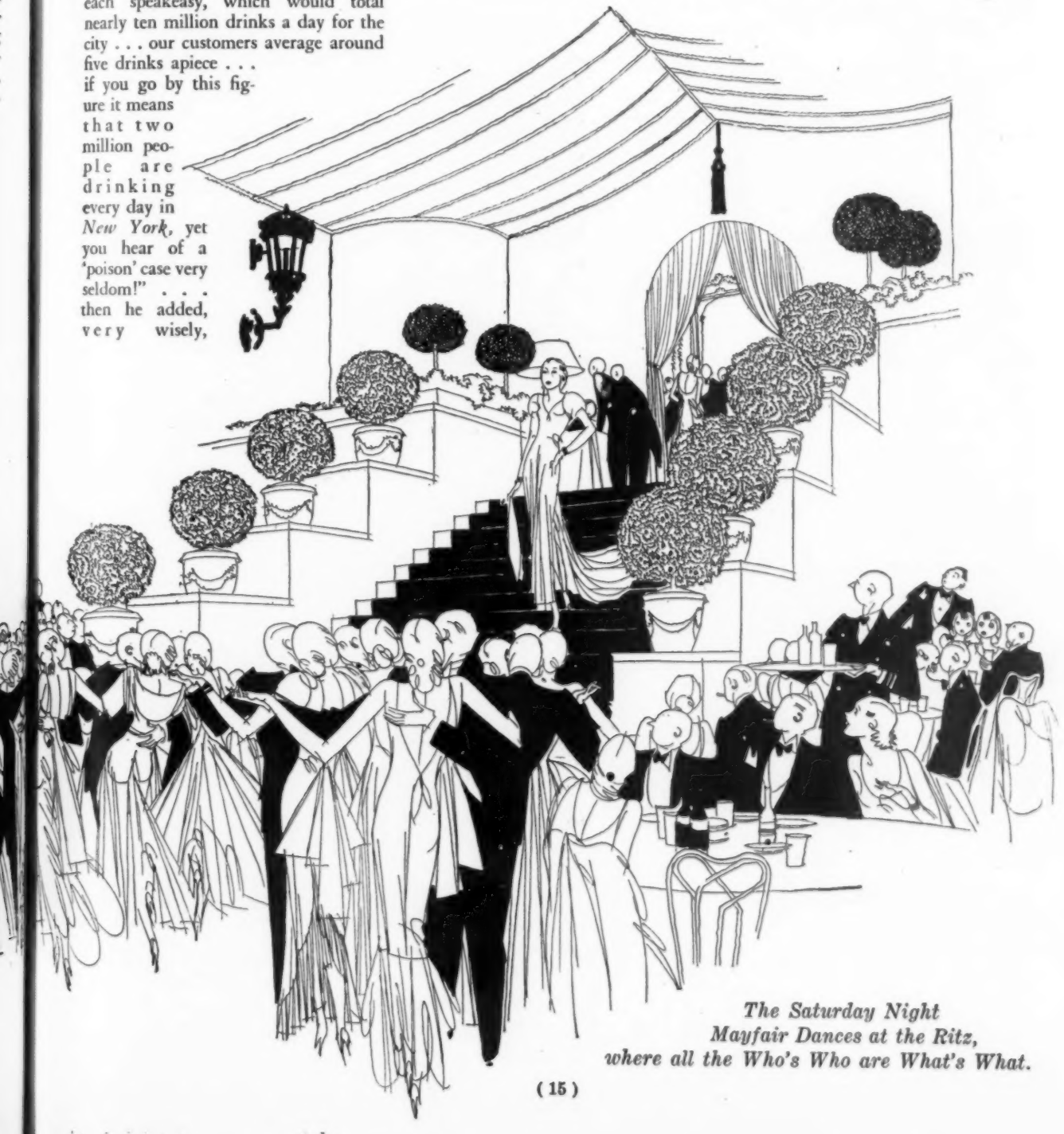
Drink For Thought

Chatting with a speakeasy proprietor recently I asked him if the stuff people were drinking these days was really good stuff . . . he said: "There are thirty thousand speakeasies in *New York City* . . . say a speakeasy averages twenty bottles of liquor a day . . . we average fifty . . . at sixteen drinks to the bottle, that is three hundred and twenty drinks a day consumed in each speakeasy, which would total nearly ten million drinks a day for the city . . . our customers average around five drinks apiece . . . if you go by this figure it means that two million people are drinking every day in *New York*, yet you hear of a 'poison' case very seldom!" . . . then he added, very wisely, "With a business of such volume, the stuff has to be good!"

The Broadway Philosopher

Gene Tunney is now recommending *Simmon's Beds* . . . surely they haven't overlooked *Phil Scott*? . . . Seen in the *Tribune* under the head of PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE—*Mr.* and *Mrs. C. T. Hutchinson* of *101 East Seventy-fourth* street have left for *Florida*—well, that's intelligence, all right . . . the wise boys whenever they refer to *Carnera* say "The bigger they are the harder they fall!" . . . this also applies to the big crowd of suckers that goes to see *Carnera* fight . . .

Kriemhild Jr.



The Saturday Night Mayfair Dances at the Ritz, where all the Who's Who are What's What.

Theatre · by Ralph Barton

NO ONE expected Preston Sturges to write another play as good as his "Strictly Dishonorable" for a season or two, at least. The gods have been too busy, of late years, distributing divine inspiration among the scenarists and advertisement writers to have the time to get around to the same playwright twice in the same season. But everyone expected Mr. Sturges' "Recapture" to contain something of the nimble, crazy, good-natured wit of his fine little comedy at the Avon Theatre. I, for one, have been waiting for the new play for weeks, fighting down impulses to run out of town and see it during the try-out, living through Saps from Syracuse and Nancy's Private Affairs by saying to myself, "Never mind—'Recapture' will soon be here," and working myself up to a fearful pitch by the time the day of its opening arrived. It was a blow to have things turn out as they did.

The keynote of "Recapture" is struck during the first three seconds of its unfolding. The curtain goes up on an excellent setting (by P. Dodd Ackerman) reproducing the lobby of the Bellevue-Superbe-Palace Hotel at Vichy. Mr. Ackerman's part of the job is faultless. One glance at that lobby would tell an agent for the Guide Michelin that the hotel contained 250 rooms and 180 baths, with great modern comfort and central heating; that rooms would cost about 250 francs, that ten per cent is added to the bill for service, that wines of the region are not included in the price of the meals, and that the cooking is extremely so-so. The setting is crammed with atmosphere and pleads for another "Strictly Dishonorable" to fill it.

But, in the middle of the stage, hanging on the grill of the temperamental elevator, is a placard bearing Mr. Sturges' first contribution to the evening. It reads:

L'ASCENSEUR NE MARCHE PAS
IT RUNS NOT

Those words constitute a prospectus of the comedy. The author who had the genius to make a policeman answer a naive girl's exclamation: "But policemen never drink on duty!" with the observation that "It just seems like never," wasn't able to think of anything better than "It runs not" for that placard. That is the tritest sort of low-grade tourist humor and not even accurate reporting. It isn't long before an English curate has told an American girl that her dress is "ripping" and she has frantically patted it in the rear to find the rip. The play is not five minutes' old before French hotel servants are holding out their palms for tips, and all the other claptrap of manufactured comedy is filling the stage.

The thing that Mr. Sturges is so very good at in "Strictly Dishonorable"—the fresh, oblique and wholly unexpected answer—only comes to the surface at widely separated points in "Recapture;" which is a terrible, awful shame in the case of a man who can write as he can.



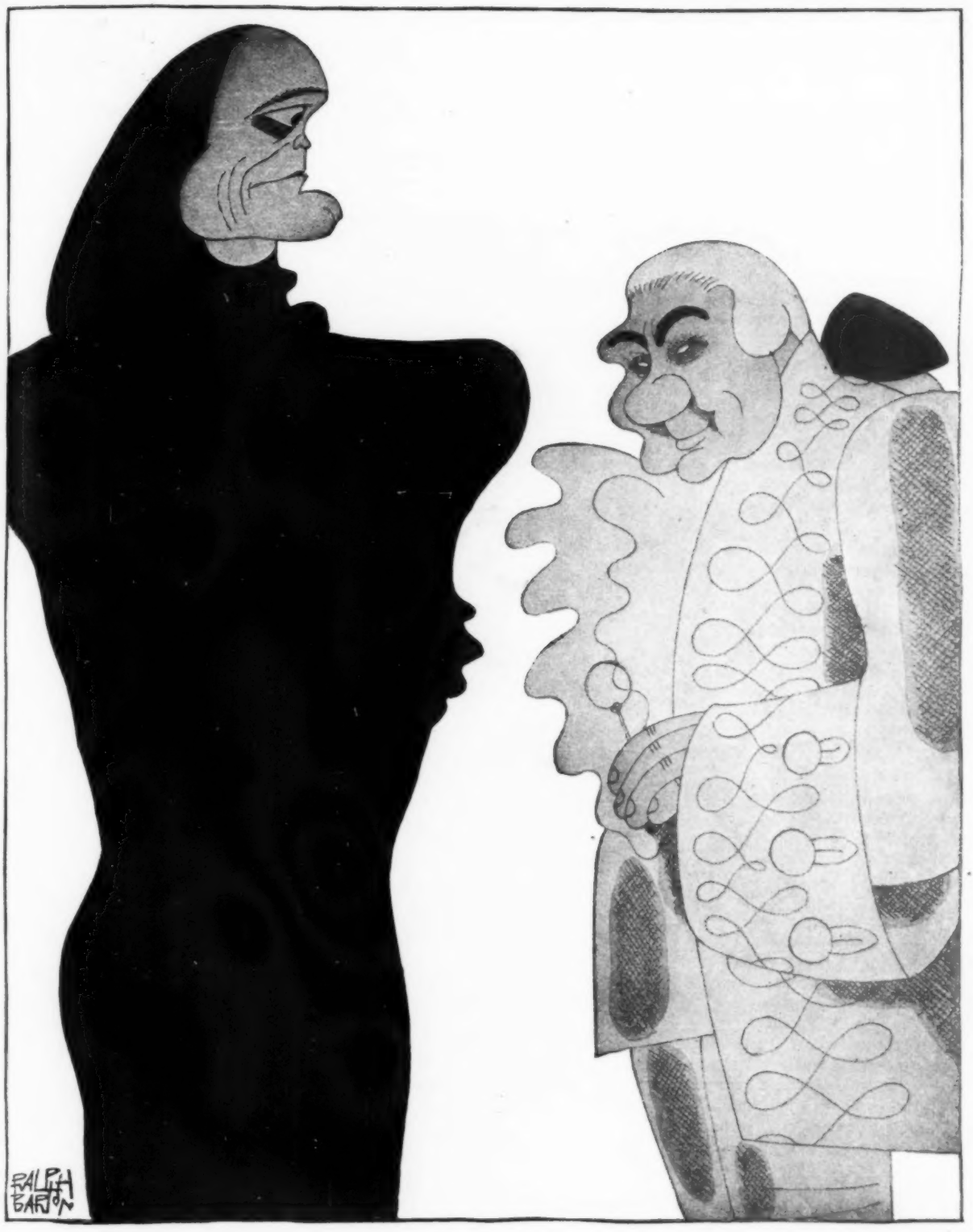
The passing of the third row back.

The story of the play concerns a divorced couple who meet after several years and make an attempt to recapture the ecstasy of the first months of marriage. The cast (including Ann Andrews) does as well as it can, but the best features are Gustave Rolland's concierge, Louza Riane's bit as a hotel keeper, and the practical elevator which, when it isn't being noisily repaired, goes up and down before your eyes, doing its best to lift the comedy, until it crashes in the last act and turns everything to tragedy. Glenda Farrell makes the most of a sympathetic tough girl, but such parts are the easiest of all to play.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART, the author of "Rebound" at the Plymouth Theatre, is a member in more or less good standing of the Thanatopsis Literary, Luncheon, Inside-Straight and Parlor Recitation Club of New York, of which Franklin P. Adams, Heywood Broun, George S. Kaufman and a number of others in the same line of endeavor were the founders. The Club is periodically in bad odor as a log-rolling verein, but it has made one great gift to American culture. It is father to a distinct school of humor. Unfortunately for the general public, this humor is almost wholly oral. It consists in wringing satire from commonplaces by pronouncing hackneyed phrases in a certain slow, halting, apologetic, bashful manner which must be heard to be appreciated. The secret lies in the peculiar intonation. You or I could say, for instance, "Richard's himself again," without raising any more than our auditors' eyebrows, but a member of the Thanatopsis Club would pronounce the phrase so that the hearer would *feel* the quotation marks and fall on his back in an agony of laughter.

Mr. Stewart acts in his own play, and while he is on the stage his words get themselves pronounced with the true and inimitable accent and they are excruciatingly funny. But the other members of the cast have not been baptized. They pronounce their lines with the varying vocal apparatus with which they have been naturally endowed and, since the simple story of the comedy is related almost entirely in bright remarks, things very often get a little monotonous. Even as fascinating an actress as Hope Williams is a little crushed by it all and rambles on and on in a tone of voice which would sound to a foreigner who did not speak English as though she had set out to count up to one billion in two hundred years.

Nevertheless, for two acts, there are enough intrinsically funny or shrewd observations on the theme of the play—how is a woman to get and hold a husband against such formidable vampires as Katherine Leslie?—to afford spasmodic bursts of laughter. Mr. Stewart has practically nothing to say, but the drollest way of saying it, and it is only the serious autopsy performed on Love in the last act that is continuously dull.



GOOD ACTORS

Philip Merivale in "Death Takes a Holiday," and Maurice Moscovitch in "Josef Suss."

Movies · by Harry Evans

"Across The World With Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson"

THIS travel movie featuring further exploits of the remarkable Johnson family is made up in part of film taken during their earliest camera expeditions. The age of these sequences makes them none the less interesting, and those who have a yen for the far flung places should surely see "Across The World."

As in other films released by Talking Picture Epics, the picture is accompanied by an interesting lecture which is cleverly synchronized with the action and adds greatly to the enjoyment of the show. Mr. Johnson does most of the talking, with occasional humorous remarks from Mrs. Johnson, which makes the whole affair seem quite natural and homelike. What surprised us was that at no time during the evening did either of the Johnsons say, "You will notice in this picture that the lions form on the right." This film stands out particularly in one respect. It presents by far the most intimate pictures ever shown of South Sea Islanders and African tribesmen. For instance, the Johnsons take you to Malekula, home of one of the most dreaded tribes of head hunters in the South Seas. Here we are introduced to their famous chief, Nagapate, whose cruel, fascinating face is worth a trip to the movie.

Other South Sea sequences show the custom of binding children's heads into queer shapes; the ritual of burying old men alive; natives eating clay during famine and wearing odd belts which they tighten up to relieve the pangs of hunger; and a glimpse of the tree dwellers whose feet have become shaped like those of a monkey from climbing the trees in which they live.

Then on to Africa. Hippos, elephants and lions by the dozens, and an almost unbelievable panoramic view of wild game migrating over the plains during a drought. Another highlight is a golf game played on the veldt by one of the American Boy Scouts who accompanied the Johnsons. When a sliced mashie shot lands a few feet from a lion, the native caddy doesn't know whether to hand him a gun or a niblick, but the youngster decides to call it an unplayable lie, believing that two strokes on his score will not hurt as much as the same number from the lion.



"Yes, I had curls until I was twelve, Mrs. Peebles."

A gentleman in back of us objected strenuously when Mr. Johnson said "come" for "came" and pronounced the word *route* as *rowte*. It might be well to remember that Mr. Johnson stood and cranked his camera as he watched the *rowte* the lions took as they *come* from the waterhole. Any man with the courage to give the world the fine animal photography that has been turned in by Mr. Johnson should be protected by law from the criticism of gentlemen in dress suits, who would probably be unstrung by a visit to the Bronx Zoo.

"The Painted Angel"

NO MOTION picture actress considers her career complete nowadays until she has appeared in at least one song and dance film. All the other girls are getting parts in these cute pictures, she says to herself, and if Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Janet Gaynor and Joan Crawford are going to sing and dance, so am I. It makes no difference whether or not the actress can sing and dance. She evidently figures that the only reason the other girls have been successful is due to trick photography and voice doubling . . . so she finally gets the job.

Therefore we have Miss Billie Dove in "The Painted Angel." It is a story about a night club hostess who has this sort of now strange power over men . . . What is this thing, she wonders, that makes men want to kill for her . . . and after watching her sing and dance we also wondered. Standing quietly in the background is Mr. Edmund Lowe, the silent, platonic protector who watches over her check book, manages her night club and protects her from gentlemen who become unruly because of the strange power mentioned above.

Mr. Lowe speaks one classic line that should not be overlooked. When Miss Dove finally awakens to his secret passion he says, "Of course you did not realize my love. You have been too busy wiping up the world with the tails of your ermine coat!"

At this time when the screen is fairly reeking with capable singing and dancing talent, it seems incredible that Miss Dove should be offered in competition and made to look ridiculous. She is as lovely a screen subject as ever and has a voice that is quite understandable, so it is reasonable to suppose that "The Painted Angel" will be her worst talkie effort.

LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS.

The Animal-Trainers' Jargon.

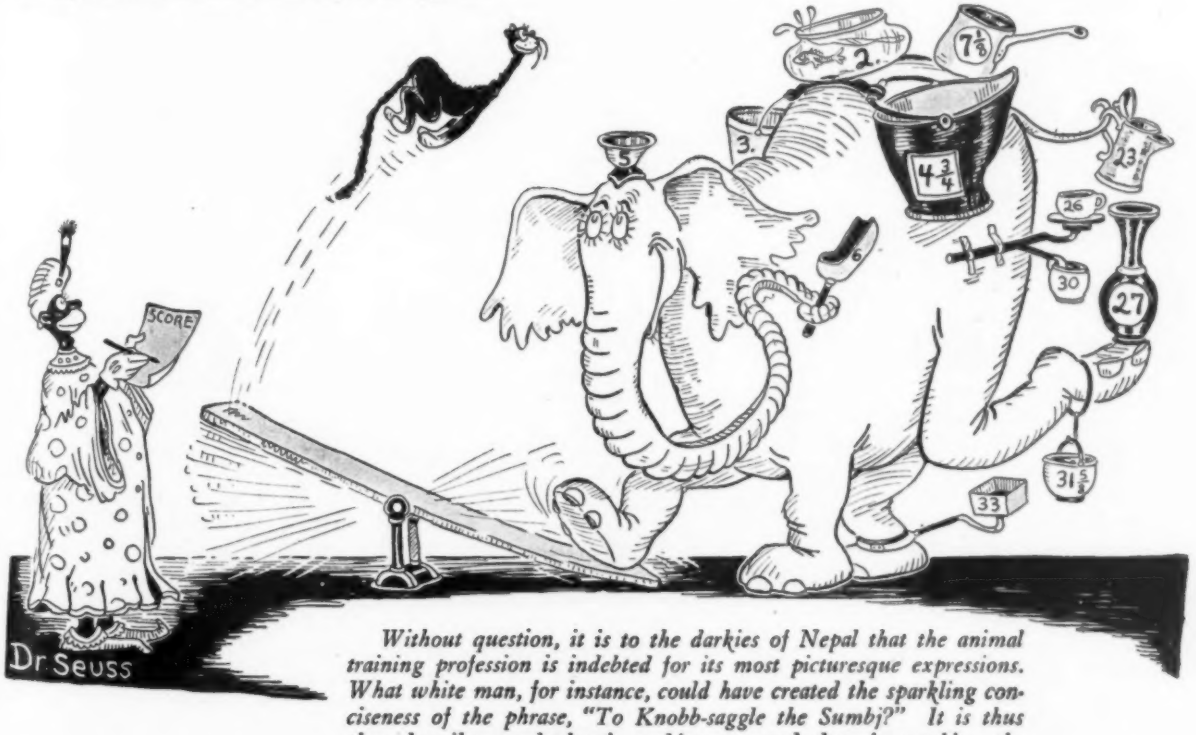
A Glimpse at the Private Slang of a Fascinating Business.



New England, the home of many a fine jest, has lived up to its reputation in creating for the animal training profession the comical phrase, "Leather Henry." Mildly sarcastic, yet not disrespectful, "Leather Henry" is the name animal trainers have for their confreres who specialize in teaching cows how to differentiate between asterisks and hyphens.



When Mussolini freed Italy from the Reds, the long unpractised art of animal training rapidly regained popularity. Of all the new words to which this gave rise, perhaps the most euphonic is the noun, "Zerruchino." A "Zerruchino" is the mouth strap turtle-trainers use in teaching turtles the stunt of grinning sheepishly whenever they spy a barber pole.

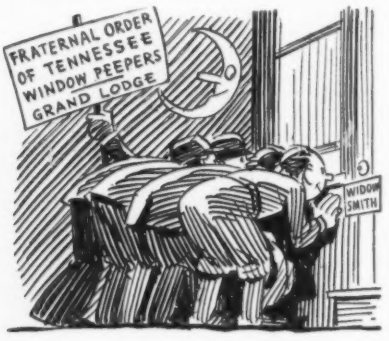


Without question, it is to the darkies of Nepal that the animal training profession is indebted for its most picturesque expressions. What white man, for instance, could have created the sparkling conciseness of the phrase, "To Knobb-saggle the Sumbj?" It is thus they describe an elephant's making a grand slam in catching the kitten in the 33 Pocket ten times in ten tries.

Life at Home

CLEVELAND—Mrs. May McFadden, arraigned before Judge Alva Corlett on a charge of intoxication, was given a jail sentence. "Who's going to take care of my cat?" Mrs. McFadden wanted to know. The judge gave the cat fifteen days, too.

NORTH ARLINGTON, N. J.—In the course of a long altercation between Mayor Alfred F. Barnard and Commissioner of Public Safety Daniel Rentscher, Rentscher asked the Mayor why he didn't "pull" a certain speakeasy on Gold street, where city officials were getting liquor. The Mayor called in the Chief of Police Mike Sallman and asked him why he had done nothing about it. "But how could I?" Sallman replied. "Each time I went in there who did I see? Commissioner Rentscher himself, standing at the bar with a glass in his hand, and he says to me, 'Listen, Mike, be a good guy and come back some other time.'"



NASHVILLE, Tenn.—However undesirable the condition may seem, there is no law in Tennessee to prevent curious persons from peeping in windows, the State Supreme Court recently held in reversing a conviction of J. L. Deboard, Newport.

Go South, young reformer!

OTTAWA — Government figures published today show that $20,787,100 worth of alcoholic beverages were exported from Canada to the United States during 1929.

SYRACUSE—Two men today attacked and beat Harry Mangino so badly he had to be taken to a hospital. Then they apologized. They got the wrong man, they told him.

Imagine their embarrassment!



LOS ANGELES—Mrs. Myrtle Powell glanced out of her window and saw workmen digging holes for telephone poles for three blocks down the street. She went to each house and gathered all the women together. They waited until the men had finished, then at a sign from Mrs. Powell leaped into the holes and stayed there until a police riot squad arrived with sawed-off shotguns. The police decided they could do nothing. Mrs. Powell announced that the women would give up their positions if the Los Angeles Railway would agree to run the power line behind their houses. The company's lawyers promised to talk it over and let them know their decision before they proceeded with the work.

WASHINGTON—A House subcommittee which heard two sopranos sing the "Star Spangled Banner" listened as the proposed national anthem was described as "war-like and unsingable." Miss Kitty Cheatham, composer of children's songs, opposed its music as a "drinking song—a bacchanale." She quoted the finale of each stanza of the song as originally written, "entwine the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus vine," to show that it was "of bar room origin."

NEW YORK—Now come authority and support for Al Smith's "radio." Nathan Haskell Dole, author and transplanted Bostonian, says that the works of the ancient Roman poet Ovid prove that the A is short in the latin "radius." And he adds: "There seems to be no more sense in raydio than there would be in changing rad-i-cal to raydical."

COLUMBUS—Study of the effect of "Western" movies upon the sleep of children has been started at Ohio State University by Dr. Edgar Dale, professor of psychology.

He is also studying into the type of reaction produced by war films.

These two researches are part of a general investigation to learn effects of movies on children.

And why not adults?

and Elsewhere



CHICAGO—The ancient pastime of sliding down the banisters has wrecked the marriage of the Walter Gabberts. It was her delight, Mrs. Gabbert said, to slide down the banisters. But the sight of her swishing around a curve, with her small son swishing after her annoyed her husband, annoyed him so much that he finally resorted to cruelty to break her of the habit. Judge Sabath looked reminiscent and awarded her alimony, the little boy, and the house with the banisters.



"Hey! What's the idea of openin' that winda?"
"Aw—er—it seemed kinda close and stuffy here!"

To An Old Fashioned Girl

I hate to do it, but I must confess
And tell you, since it means my happiness,
That I am not the cynic I appear
To be. I have my sentiments, my dear.
If you think I'm inconstant, fickle, free,
You do not know the person I *can* be;
You know me, darling, only as I'm painted.
You'd be surprised, should we become acquainted.
I may seem blase, bored and all the rest—
But I can be old-fashioned by request!
—Gates Hebbard.

Green peas haven't missed a banquet in forty years.

The 1931 model automobiles are out now, but we still have the same old 1911 parking spaces.



"Bu-leeve me! If I had hold of that bird's neck
I'd give it a twist like this!"

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE
How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador.* $3.00—Sat. Hol. $3.85—Intense drama of tenement life which must be seen sooner or later, or again and again.

★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's.* $4.40—Easily the best play of the Great War.

★BIRD IN HAND. *Forrest.* $3.85—John Drinkwater's delightful yarn of an evening in an English inn.

★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco.* $3.85—Sat. Hol. $4.40—Farce of small-town life, with sections of real comedy.

★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon.* $3.85—Sat. Hol. $4.40—Love disturbs the order of a Don Juan's life. Still the best thing in town.

★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic.* $3.00—Sat. Hol. $3.85—Murder in the I. R. T. The dead man gets a great big hand as he is carried out.

★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National.* $3.85—Arthur Byron's fine acting, Albert R. Johnson's superb settings, in Martin Flavin's drama of crime and punishment.

★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst.* $3.85—Sat. Hol. $4.40—How popular songs are manufactured. The funniest comedy in town.

★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum.* $4.40—Leslie Howard falls in love with a lady living in the XVIIIth century, and does it beautifully.

★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque.* $3.00—Sat. Hol. $3.85—Donald Meek in a homely little comedy in which he is picked on by mother and the girls.

IT NEVER RAINS. *Bijou*—A good performance by one Carl J. Julius amid a dull farce about California real estate deals.

★MENDEL, INC. *Ritz.* $3.00—The ghost of Potash and Perlmutter, with Alexander Carr.

YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*—Youth and the Vital Urge have it out.

★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins.* $4.40—Henry Hull and Edith Barrett do an excellent job of a sentimental play by A. A. Milne.

METEOR. *Guild*—Alfred Lunt makes an almost good play seem better than it is.

★RICHELIEU. *Hampden.* $3.85—A new adaptation of Bulwer-Lytton's play, with Walter Hampden.

★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore.* $3.85—The Grim Reaper on a week-end as a mortal. Worth seeing for Philip Merivale's performance.

RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—One woman who puts on a whole show.

★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse.* $3.85—Sat. Hol. $4.40—Grace George and A. E. Matthews in a pleasant and highly entertaining comedy by St. John Ervine.

CITY HAUL. *Hudson*—The low-down on municipal graft.

★WATERLOO BRIDGE. *Fulton.* $3.85—Sat. Hol. $4.40—Glenn Hunter and June Walker as a sweet-minded soldier and a sentimental street-walker in war-time London.

AT THE BOTTOM. *Waldorf*—Gorki's "The Lower Depths" revised by W. L. Lawrence.

PHANTOMS. *Wallack's*—Mystery and gun-fire to not much purpose.

★CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. *Biltmore.* $3.85—A great many words uttered in Newgate Prison in 1725 A. D. Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis.

EVERYTHING'S JAKE. *Assembly*—More lovable old soaks by Don Marquis.

★JOSEF SUSS. *Erlanger's.* $3.00—Sat. Hol. $3.85—Dramatization of Feuchtwanger's "Power" with Maurice Moscovitch acting in English and acting very well.

RECAPTURE. *Eltinge*—A new play by Preston Sturges, who wrote "Strictly Dishonorable."

REBOUND. *Plymouth*—A rather amusing comedy made of bright remarks. By Donald Ogden Stewart and with Hope Williams.

★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire.* $4.40—Katherine Cornell as a murderess. One thrilling act.

THE BOUNDARY LINE. *Forty-eighth Street*—Dreadful.

Eye and Ear

★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street.* $6.60—Only slightly vulgar, for Mr. Carroll, and his best yet. Will Mahoney is excruciating.

★SWEET ADELINE. *Hammerstein.* $6.60—Kern's music, Irene Franklin, Helen Morgan and Charles Butterworth. Deserves to be the hit it is.

★A WONDERFUL NIGHT. *Majestic.* $5.50—Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" well sung and interestingly mounted on a revolving stage.

★BITTER SWEET. *Ziegfeld.* $6.60—Evelyn Laye making up with her beauty for the complete absence of humor in Noel Coward's operetta.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin.* $5.50—Jack Whiting, Victor Moore and Richard Rodgers' music in a good show having to do with—well, does it matter?

★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial.* $6.60—Color, noise and speed in a most pleasant mixture, with Jack Donahue and Lily Damita added. Our favorite musical.

★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric.* $6.60—What happens to Americans in Paris, with Cole Porter's music.

★WAKE UP AND DREAM. *Selwyn.* $6.60—Tilly Losch, Jack Buchanan and Cole Porter's music. Miss Losch's dancing is worth all the rest of the show.

★TOP SPEED. *Forty-sixth Street.* $5.50—Ginger Rogers and Lester Allen are funny, but the rest is pretty ordinary.

STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*—Clark and McCullough, George Gershwin's music and Ira Gershwin's lyrics make this a show not to be missed.

And don't fail to follow the revivals at the *Jolson.*

Movies

ACROSS THE WORLD WITH MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON. (TALKIE LECTURE) *Talking Picture Epics*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE PAINTED ANGEL. (TALKIE) *First National*—Reviewed in this issue.

NOT SO DUMB. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies in a screen version of "Dulcy." Fair.

DANCE HALL. (TALKIE) *Radio Pictures*—They ain't done right by Vina Delmar.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Will Rogers in one you shouldn't miss.

RIO RITA. (TALKIE) *Radio Pictures*—Bebe Daniels in ditto.

DEVIL MAY CARE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramon Novarro singing pleasantly and looking very handsome. Recommended.

No, No NANETTE. (TALKIE) *First National*—No, no.

THE MIGHTY. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—George Bancroft as a personable gangster. Recommended.

HOT FOR PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Not so hot!

UNTAMED. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Joan Crawford spends hours trying to persuade a man to marry her in spite of her millions.

POINTED HEELS. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Helen Kane enlivens another story of backstage life.

GENERAL CRACK. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—John Barrymore establishes himself as a talkie star. See it.

(Continued on Page 26)



"Who said conversation was a lost art?"



A Movie Camera that Understands Amateurs

Anybody Who Can Press a Lever Can Operate It!
Even the Moderate Purse Can Afford It!

A Remarkably Simplified Movie Outfit, Developed by the People Who Made Still Photography So Easy that Picture-Taking Became a Game for Children

ITS simplicity is amazing. For it is made *for amateurs*, by people who understand the requirements of amateurs. A home movie camera made for those who know but little about picture-taking.

Look through a finder and press a lever; and you are taking movies ...in black-and-white or in *full color*, just as you choose. You can operate it, even if you have never had a movie camera in your hands. For, with this remarkable camera, movies are as easy as a snapshot is with your child's Brownie!

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Don't deny yourself the great thrill of seeing the ones you love most in the ways you love most to see them.

Developed by the Men Who Simplified Amateur Picture-Taking

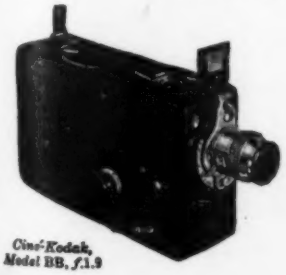
Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.



You simply press a lever to take pictures with this movie camera.



You can get a Kodascope projector for as little as $90.



Ciné-Kodak, Model BB, f.1.9

NOTE THE COUPON

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With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press the lever and you take movies. Then send the film to any Eastman processing station—developing is included in the price of the film. And, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures as easily as playing a phonograph.

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With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, you take black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, Ciné-Kodak B or BB *f*.1.9 makes beautiful pictures in full, natural color—every color that the eye can see is recorded for your home movie screen.

Any dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and to show you Kodacolor on the screen. To permit buying from income rather than capital, many offer an attractive deferred payment plan.

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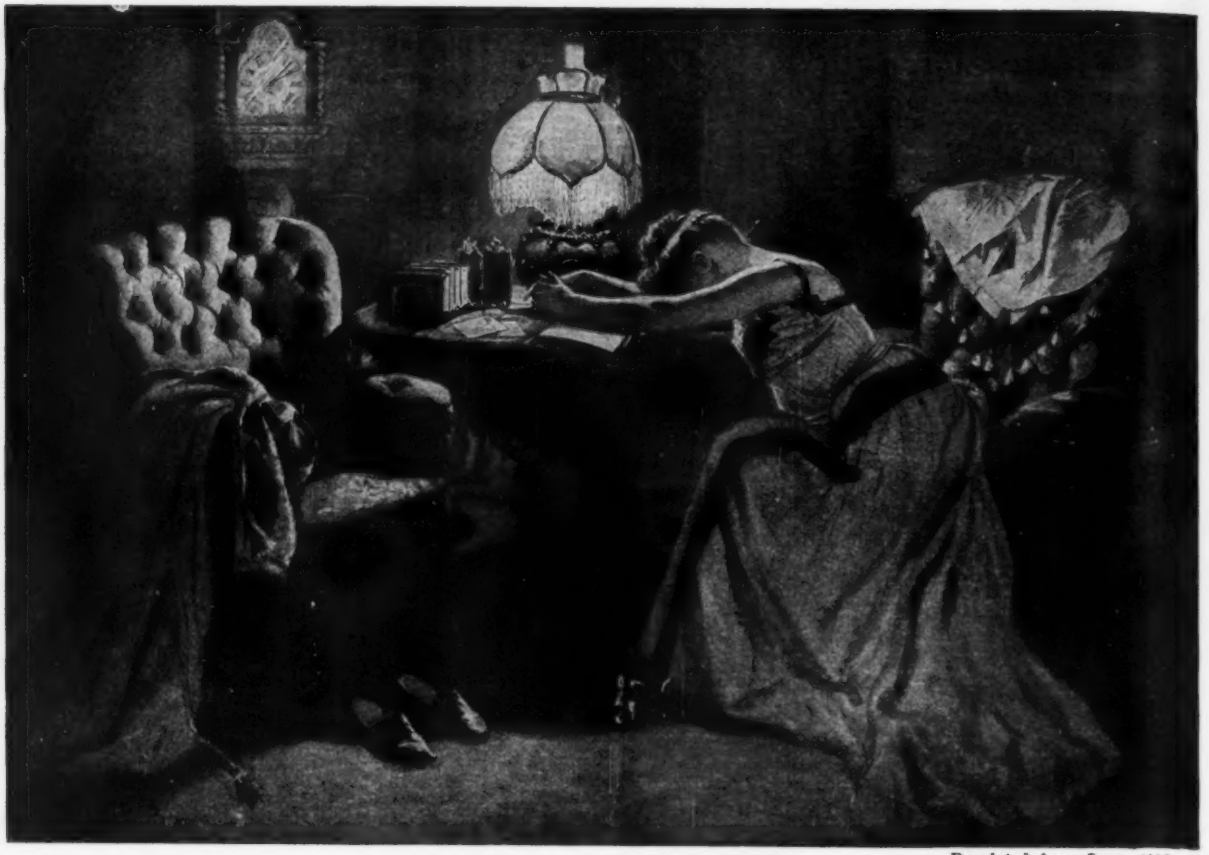
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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City.....*State*.....

The Family Album



"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Reprinted from LIFE, *1905*







Somebody on the wire.

Reprinted from LIFE, *1904*

Life in Society

Mr. and Mrs. Skiddy Von Slade had, as their week end guests, at their Palm Beach villa, El Caviar, everybody on the first ten peges of the Social Register.

PALM BEACH, Fla., Jan. 31.—Mrs. David Geddes, who has leased El Moby Dick, will arrive here Wednesday with fourteen shoe-trunks, three double chins and a Pomeranian.

The Samuel Ellington Rapsley Jorday Chapter, Consolidated Daughters of the Confederacy, will hold a bridge and tea and chatter on the afternoon of Feb. 16 at the St. Regis. The proceeds will replenish the fund which supplies scholarships and bran mash to Southern mountaineers.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hide Nelson of 1214 Fifth Avenue and Warped Chimney, Easthampton; and El Parasol, Palm Beach; and The Barclay, The Weylin, The St. Regis and Fallen Arches, Sussex, England, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Lillian Poges Nelson, to Mr. Joseph Schwepp Bragger.

Mr. Bragger has been definitely notified of his engagement to Miss Nelson.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of Ormond Beach, took his first airplane ride last Tuesday morning. He didn't actually rise from the ground, but he says that he experienced the same sensation inasmuch as he wore the pilot's goggles during lunch, while an electric fan furnished a realistic air-stream.

Mrs. T. Mortimer Shift of Palm Beach and Mayfair fell out of the 19th page of the New York *Herald-Tribune* early yesterday morning; and is under a doctor's care suffering from loss of prestige.

Mrs. Henry L. Cabot of Boston dropped several R's in the Della Robbia of the Vanderbilt Hotel yesterday afternoon.

—Jack Cluett.



An under dog that needs no sympathy.

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until this test convinces you



A sales policy that has won millions of friends. Try this remarkable cream 7 days at our expense before you make your decision.

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1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2. **Softens the beard in one minute.**
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GENTLEMEN: When we perfected our new shaving cream, we decided upon a daring course. Rather than attempt to force men into buying it through eloquence or printed argument, we staked our whole case on a trial.

We told men, as we tell you here: "Don't buy—yet. Let us prove our product's outstanding merit by sending you enough for a fair test at our risk. *You* be the judge."

Millions took us up and Palmolive Shaving Cream is today the world's largest selling. For 86% of those who tested it found what they had long sought. They became wedded to this remarkable new shaving cream.

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5142



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7 SHAVES FREE

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(Please print your name and address)

1880 GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR 1930

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Confidential Guide

(*Continued from Page 22*)

Supper Clubs

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C *Cover Charge* FS *Fridays and Saturdays*
H *Headwaiter*
SMIG *The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)*

BARNEY'S, *85 W. 3rd.* A gallant place for a gallant time run by a gallant gentleman. C.$3. S.$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.$4.

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CLUB RICHMAN, *157 W. 56.* Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). * C.$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.$5.

COUNTY FAIR, *54 E. 9th.* Economic fun. C.$1.50. FS.$2.00. H.Charlie. SMIG.$1.85.

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COTTON CLUB, *Lenox Ave. at 142.* Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

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GOUVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, *31st and 7th Ave.* Paul Specht's orchestra. C.$1. FS.$1.50. SMIG.$2.50.

LES AMBASSADEURS, *50th and Broadway.* Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.$3.00. S.$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.$4.00. S.$4.50.

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MONTMARTE, *50th & B'way.* Very nice and always has been. * C.$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, *Roosevelt Hotel.* Nice place. C.$2.

RUSSIANA, *216 W. 44.* Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.$3.00.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, *5th Ave. at 55th.* Swell. * C.$2. S.$3.

Records

UNDER A TEXAS MOON,
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND . . . . . .
Guy Lombardo plays two dreamy fox-trots with genuine sentiment. (*Columbia*)

HARLEM MADNESS,
NAVY BLUES . . . . . .
The "Hot Air Men" live up to their name. Raw jazz, plenty of "hot" rhythm, no melody. (*Columbia*)

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE . . . .
The last word in modern, sophisticated jazz, played by Leo Reisman's band. Don't miss it.

SHE'S SUCH A COMFORT TO ME . . . . . .
Second best tune from "Wake Up and Dream." (*Victor*)

NINA ROSA . . . . . Light sentimental melody.
MY FIRST LOVE, MY LAST LOVE . . . . . .
The Ohmen and Arden band speed up on this one. Vocal choruses and those ever popular piano duets. (*Victor*)

Sheet Music

"I'll Know Him" (*Flying High*)
"Without Love" (*Flying High*)
"Wasn't It Beautiful" (*Flying High*)
"I Still Believe In You" (*Simple Simon*)
"Get Happy" (*Nine Fifteen Revue*)

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★*If you are going to be in New York* LIFE'S *Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.*

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE *Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.*

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

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Life

February 21, 1930

Vol. 95 Number 2468

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A boy in Mexico recently shot his schoolmaster through the arm. I understand that he had to stop in and write out, "I must not shoot in school" one hundred times.

—*Passing Show.*

New frocks are to button up the back. Husbands may yet achieve a certain amount of popularity in the house.

—*London Opinion.*

A man had been visiting a certain widow every evening for some months.

"Why don't you marry her?" asked a friend.

"I have often thought about it," was the reply, "but where on earth should I spend my evenings then?"

—*Pearson's.*

BARBER: And what do you think of the "talkies"?

CUSTOMER: Hate 'em, and that's a hint.

—*Passing Show.*



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What is Youth worth to You?

IS it worth three weeks spent in blissful play and recreation here in a land where men find their younger selves?

Virginia Hot Springs, high up in the mountains, is more than a man-made resort. It is a spot which nature has endowed with remarkable curative properties.

Here, in the sunshine of Virginia, warm waters bubble from the earth saturated with "health." Just as vitamins were undiscovered until a few years ago, so we do not yet know just what it is that gives the waters of Virginia Hot Springs their strange potency. Something mysterious is in them—something that is lost within a few hours after they have left the ground—something that so far has defied positive scientific conclusions. That it is present we are sure, for we can see the results—the well-nigh miraculous improvement it makes in those who come to live the agreeable life which has been built up around the rites of "taking the baths" at Virginia Hot Springs.

Will you make your plans to step out of the madding throng for a few weeks to make friends with the joy of living that is rightly yours—to the end that you may arise each morning knowing that life is good and that you are equal to it?

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The sun is waiting for you here—the bright, warm sunshine of Virginia. The out-of-doors is calling—the bracing air—the woodland trails—the bridle paths and the horses—the links and the putting greens—tennis and many other attractions. Between times, if you desire, you drink the waters and take the baths—a joyous experience in itself. At the table you are served the choicest foods that Southern hospitality can offer you.

And music, of course—man's fourth necessity—does its share to make life pleasant for you here. The concerts at tea time on the glassed-in terraces, on the lawn and in the great foyer hall while you sip your coffee after dinner—with, about you, the kind of people who have always visited at Virginia Hot Springs from the days when George Washington came here. These are occasions you will never forget.

Thus, day by day, this regimen of delight which constitutes the "cure" at Virginia Hot Springs makes you younger and younger.

We invite you to come! And then you will know what youth is worth to you. A very interesting booklet will be forwarded you upon request. Kindly address Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

Reservations and transportation from New York may be secured from the Virginia Hot Springs office in the Ritz-Carlton.

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*Quoted from a passenger's letter to us.



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WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
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Willingdrift

(*Continued from Page 7*)

walla-walla—open handed and unarmed?"

"He collects engravings from white chiefs," said Bill. "The last time I took some friends up he collected about four thousand berries' worth."

"Engravings?" said Smith. "Hurr—what kind?"

"Steel engravings," said Bill. "Of ex-presidents."

When lunchtime showed up and Bill didn't, Nancy began to wonder. At two she began to worry and at three, when there was still no word from the missing, she began to get pretty frantic. She got Tom Brooks, who had finally taken her to lunch, to drive her over to the airport where she kept her plane. He had a plane too, so they made up their minds to search.

The men at the airport gave them the direction Nancy's amphibian had taken when it rose from the lake and disappeared into the sky.

"Ah," said Tom. "The west coast! Well, that won't take long with this ship of mine!" But Nancy had a hunch it wasn't the west coast they were after, so as they roared off the lake and swung high above the mangoes she peered over the side at the tangled trees and swampland, the creeks and canals sweeping beneath them.

At the end of an hour, Nancy, still looking down, saw smoke rising from what seemed to be a break in the jungle. She leaned back and pointed. Tom nodded and circled the plane. They could see a camp on the banks of a river and on the river a bright spot of red and blue. Nancy pointed down, nodding. It was her plane. They settled in a long glide, took water and coasted up to the bank just in front of the tents.

So quiet had they been that whoever was in the camp evidently had not noticed their arrival. They sat quite still for a moment listening to a babble of voices that came from behind the tents. Nancy looked questioningly at Tom.

"Indians," he said. "Poor Nancy, it certainly looks like your father and Bill were in for it."

She nodded. "Do you suppose we're in time?"

"Come on!" Tom jumped from the plane to the bank. As Nancy followed him they heard a voice louder than the others cry:

"Walla-walla-walla! Whoop, boys! Shoots a President McKinley! Hurr!"

Shouts of "Covered," greeted this, then a silence that lasted just long enough perhaps for an active man to draw back his right arm and shoot it forward opening his hand at the same

There's Genuine "Pep" to **Apollinaris**

It's the "pal" of youthful gayety—the cheerful companion of all

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These rooms reflect the hospitable spirit of The New Yorker ...delightfully old-fashioned in spirit and strikingly modern in manner...the hospitality that has won the hearts of so many guests...that has made them completely 'at home' in the greatest city in the world.

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THE NEW YORKER HOTEL

RALPH HITZ, *Managing Director*

34th St. & 8th Ave., New York City

time. "Hurr!" came the loud voice again. "Natchul. Shoots two Franklins and a Jackson!"

Nancy had heard enough. Quietly as any Indian she slipped forward into the trees and circumnavigated the tents. She called softly to Tom.

"Look," she said.

Seated before them in a circle were ten or a dozen Indians in native dress; in the midst of them in much more native dress sat Rob Smith with Bill Sparks just behind him. On Smith's head was a chief's war bonnet. His shoes were off and his trousers rolled up; his chest, bare to the sun, was painted in bright hues, so he looked like a presidential candidate touring the west. In his left hand he held a long glass which was apparently filled with some potent native drink. His right was drawn back.

"Walla-walla-whoop!" he cried again. "Come, natchul!"

He brought his wrist forward with a snap. Two ivory cubes rolled onto the hard ground, wobbled uncertainly and settled so their combined total of black dots facing the sun was three.

A tall Indian bent forward, gathered in the pile of money before Smith and said, "Thanks, Rob. Pretty generous white chief, I calls it."

"Walla—" said Smith, then finished. "Stung again, by God!"

The chief spoke again. He said. "Here, give me those baby bones an' I'll clean you out!"

Nancy went away from there. On the way back to Palm Beach she asked Tom to take her to the dance that night. When they landed she went straight home, sunk, pretending she was ashamed of her father, so she wouldn't admit to herself the reason she felt bad was because Bill had stood her up for lunch. In the hall she met Willingdrift, hungry for news.

She told him about it, for Willingdrift was the sort of butler you did tell about things. But he must have guessed that it wasn't her father she was worrying about, for he stood still for quite some time, looking intently at an absurd china horse on the table. Then he said, "You say Mr. Bill wasn't playing dice at all?"

"Why, no, Willing, but what's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," said Willingdrift. "Nothing at all, Nancy, but I think I know what he went up there for."

Nancy would have none of it. She was mad.

"I don't give a damn what he went for. He broke a date with me and—and we were almost engaged!"

"Steady, Nancy," said Willingdrift.

"I won't steady!" said Nancy, "and you're just an old fool to think you can placate me that way."

(*Continued on Page 30*)

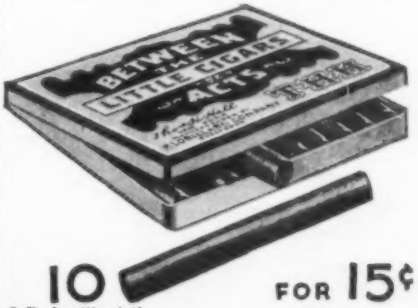


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YOU CAN ERECT a really attractive summer home in a few days, without the usual confusion, fuss and ado of building. This photograph shows one of the hundreds of Hodgson Houses now in use. Many are standing today after two decades, unshaken by the most strenuous weather. And the simple harmony and good taste of the architecture appeal even to people who could afford *any* kind of home.

The owners have chosen a floor-plan from the Hodgson booklet. We have built their homes in sections, shipped them all ready to erect. They have either erected the houses themselves or have asked us to send a construction foreman to supervise all details. In either case, only a few days were needed to complete the job.

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HODGSON *Houses*

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

Do you know a girl who looks like the girl on the Cover?

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of Haskell Coffin, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as *the* American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! And after the all-American Beauty Team has been selected LIFE is going to—well watch for further developments!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by Haskell Coffin, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE'S All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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Life, 598 Madison Ave., New York

THIS ticket, with $2 will bring you LIFE for 20 weeks and you won't miss any of the All-American Beauty Series.

Name.....

627

Address .....

"Dinner is at nine, Miss," said Willingdrift. "I'm going out."

"Sorry," said Nancy.

"Righto," said Willingdrift. He fidgeted for a moment, then hurried from the house.

Nancy went to the music room. For an hour she banged the piano. Then she went into the billiard room and slammed balls around for perhaps another. Then she heard voices in the study. She marched there and found her father and Bill.

She walked up to them. "Yah," she said. "Walla-walla!" With hardly any ceremony at all she laid her palm smartly across Bill's face, fled up the stairs to her room, shoved open the door and went in. Then she stopped dead in her tracks, for neatly laid out on the bed was the costume of an Indian princess; jewelled, glittering, unbelievably beautiful. With a little cry she turned and hurried back to the study. Bill was still there, but her father was gone. She threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Bill, I can't thank you! Will you ever forgive me?"

"Sure," said Bill, who was still slightly mellow with native drink.

"It's the nicest costume I've ever seen! Think of your going all the way up there just to get it for me."

"'S bagatelle," said Bill.

She kissed him again and ran off, leaving him dazed. He wandered over to the cellarette for a drink. Costume? What the hell! Willingdrift came into the room. He coughed and handed Bill an envelope.

He opened it: "To Madam Blesse for one Seminole Princess Costume . . . $300.00."

Bill looked up.

"Could I have the money now, sir? I said I'd send it there before dinner."

Bill pulled a huge roll of bills from his pocket. "There," he said, "are three Franklins and a Jackson. The Jackson's for you." He sighed, "Between you and me, Willing," he said softly, "maybe the Seminoles didn't make that dress, but believe me they paid for it."

Another Willingdrift Story, next week.



The pent-house occupant who has a sense of the fitness of things.



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One of America's most popular comedians

Two Suggestions from *PHIL BAKER*

No. 1. "Use them for backstage noise."
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"THEATRE coughers aren't very popular with the actors or the rest of the audience. Of course, we *could* use them for imitating machine gun fire back stage. But they probably won't want to—they came to enjoy the show from out front. All right—then I suggest S. B.'s. They'll fix the cough—and how!...

"Those little drops are my throat insurance. Whenever I feel the slightest tickle in my throat I take one or two and—presto—I feel like a nightingale again...."

Coughs stop fast when Smith Brothers' begin their soothing, healing work. Children love the taste.

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.*



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■	■	■	A	R	O	U	N	D	■	■	■	
O	L	D	■	E	R	N	E	■	T	W	O	
W	O	U	L	D	■	■	A	G	A	I	N	
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Wish that nice old whale would come around again.

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"Help wanted—whale."

3rd Prize of $15.00 won by

Mrs. Anna C. Williams,
5329 Savoy Court,
St. Louis, Mo.

Jonah prefers the belly of the whale to the bosom of his family.

4th Prize of $10.00 won by

H. L. Blackwell,
3520 Windsor Ave.,
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Peace at any price.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Answers to Anagrins

on page 4

(1) Easter.
(2) Dentists.
(3) Specter.
(4) Slowness.
(5) Gondola.
(6) Television.



DOUBLES

DOUBLE ease. Double comfort. Double value. You get them all in a *double-action* shave with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

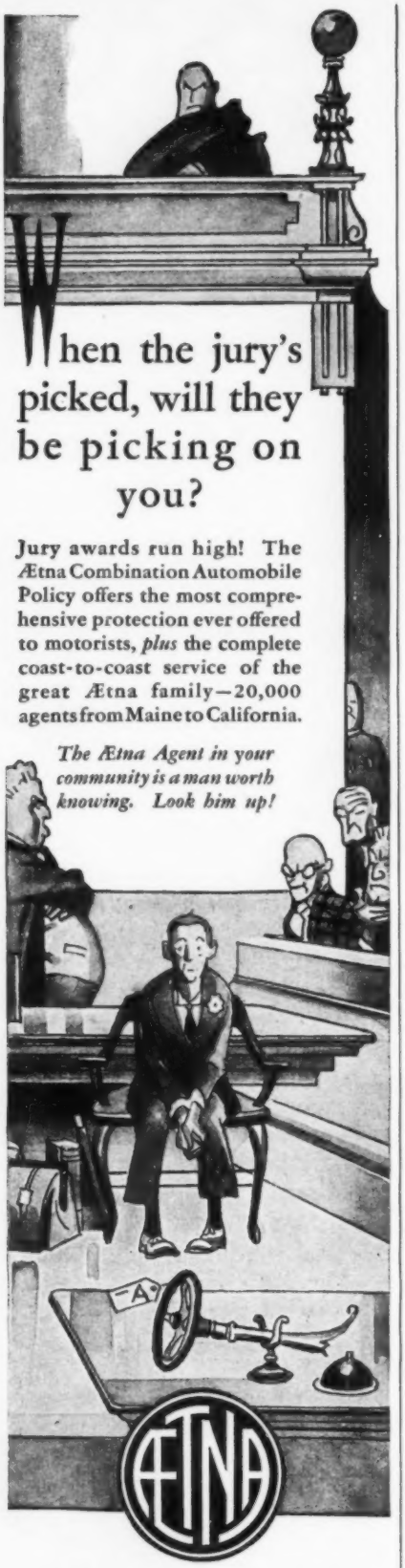
Where an ordinary shave stops — a *double-action* shave keeps right on going. Squibb's does more than make your razor glide smoothly over your face. It also replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin.

What a difference this second action makes in shaving comfort. The freshness and sparkle of a *double-action* shave last. You have a velvet feel *while* you shave and *after* you shave.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream and lather up for a *double-action* shave tomorrow.



SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM



When the jury's picked, will they be picking on you?

Jury awards run high! The Ætna Combination Automobile Policy offers the most comprehensive protection ever offered to motorists, *plus* the complete coast-to-coast service of the great Ætna family—20,000 agents from Maine to California.

The Ætna Agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!

The Ætna Life Group consists of the Ætna Life Insurance Company · The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company · The Automobile Insurance Company · The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA-IZE

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 28

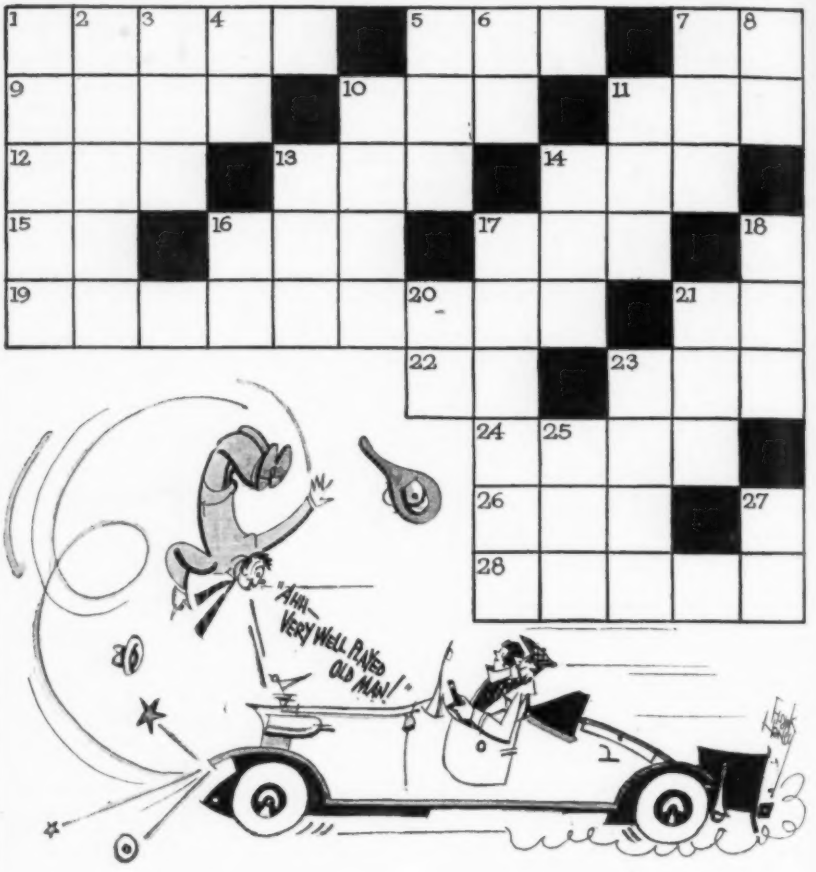
$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize $50.00, 2nd Prize $25.00, 3rd Prize $15.00, 4th Prize $10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Mar. 7. Winners will appear in the Mar. 28 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. This makes the cub grow up.
5. An anaemic punch.
7. Note of the musical scale.
9. What many a heavy-weight would like to be.
10. What do people in Finland do to live?
11. Something the reformers have never been able to suppress.
12. A very slippery thing.
13. What every prohibition agent must be.
14. Definite article.
15. In high repute as a maker of pies.
16. From a small beginning this branches out to something big.
17. An hymenopterous insect.
19. The play's the thing with this fellow.
21. A word that calls for action.
22. This will take you far. (Abbr.)
23. There's lots of bars here.
24. This is something of a sap.
26. Eagle.
28. What talk comes in nowadays.

VERTICAL

1. These are attached to shrinking violets.
2. This kind is common.
3. This makes things go smoothly.
4. A preposition.
5. You must work for this.
6. Preposition.
7. The price she paid.
8. A cut up.
10. These are never entirely toothless.
11. Pronoun.
13. What the old hen did all day.
14. A number of early laws.
16. Conjunction.
17. This fellow will trim you plenty.
18. Baby talk.
20. The great American title. (Abbr.)
21. You can tell him by his wide trousers.
23. A belt.
25. Some gold-diggers are still looking for this.
27. Like.

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